

Adapted from THE
WINTER'S TALE,
A
PLAY.

Alter'd from SHAKESPEAR.

By CHARLES MARSH.

Think'ft thou, the *Swan* of *Avon* spreads her Wings,
Her brooding Wings, for thee alone to plume,
And nestle there, O *Garrick*?—Thou deserv'ft
Indeed, much cherishing: thy Melody
Charms ev'ry Ear. But sure, it ill beseems
One *Cygnets*, thus to stretch it's little Pinions,
Ambitiously intent, to fill that Nest/

~~Whose roomy Limits well may shelter Numbers.~~



L O N D O N :

Printed for CHARLES MARSH, at Cicero's Head, in
Round Court in the Strand. 1756.

where there's admirable room for Numbers

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

LEONTES, King of *Sicilia*.

POLIXENES, King of *Bitbynthia*.

FLORIZEL, Prince of *Bitbynthia*.

CAMILLO,

CLEOMINES,

DION,

ALCIDALES,

ROGERO,

} *Sicilian Lords.*

OLD SHEPHERD, reputed Father of *Perdita*.

CLOWN, his Son.

GOALER.

SERVANT to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLICUS, a roguish Pedlar.

Officers of a Court of Justice.



W O M E N.

HERMIONE, Queen to *Leontes*.

PERDITA, Daughter to *Leontes* and *Hermione*.

PAULINA.

MOPSA,

DORCAS,

} *Shepherdesses.*

Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses,
Guards, &c.

S C E N E, in the First, Second, and Fifth Acts,
in *Sicilia*. In the Third, and Fourth, in *Bitbynthia*.

T H E



THE
WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter Alcidales and Rogero.

Alcid. IS it not strange, my Friend, this fatal Passion
So long shou'd prey upon a royal Mind?
O fall'n *Leontes*, once the boasted Pride
Of each *Sicilian* Tongue; for Justice fam'd,
For Prudence, Fortitude, and ev'ry Virtue
That swells the Annals of the best of Kings.
How art thou sunk!—become thy own poor Captive,
And Reason's Light extinguish'd in thy Soul!

Rog. The Magnanimity with which the Queen
Sustains Imprisonment, can only flow
From conscious Innocence.

Alcid. From thence alone,
The Heart that by Injustice is oppress'd
Finds its Relief,

B

Rog.

Rog. The Temper of the King
Of late seems strangely shaken.

Alcid. Need we wonder?

Have we not felt the Arm of *Jove* himself?
His own Right Hand hath wing'd th' avenging Bolts
That have transfix'd *Sicilia's* hapless Sons!

" 'Tis for the King's Offence the People die:"

Why else, (since Heaven is just) this Visitation?

Why hath *Enceladus* thus shook our Isle?

Wherefore these fierce Irruptions? From the Mouth
Of thund'ring *Ætna*, fraught with raging Fires,
Volcanos, issuing with a Whirlwind's Force,
Tear up the seated Rocks.

Rog. Large Flakes of Embers
Involve in pitchy Clouds the dusky Air,
And where they fall, leave a sulphureous Stench,
Fatal to Man's frail Being.

Alcid. The Earth trembles,
As universal Ruin were at hand:
Happy the Dead! no more their Ears are wounded
With dreadful Sounds that bellow from the Deep,
As *all* the Elements with *all* their Force
Maintain'd within its Womb intestine War. [God,

Rog. The King, with Gifts, has sought the *Delphian*
Exploring thence the Cause of this Destruction.

Alcid. He seems himself the Cause.—*Hermione!*
Thy Wrongs have sure alarm'd the mighty Gods!
For fifteen Years shut from the Light of Day;
Whilst Calumny with its nefarious Breath
Blasts thy good Name, and in thy Fate involves
Thy guiltless Offspring.

Rog. I was young at Court
When first *Hermione* began her Sufferings,
And but from Rumour took th' imperfect Tale;
You must have known it better.

Alcid. The good King,
Polixenes, who sways *Bithynia's* Scepter,

From

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From Infancy was train'd with our *Leontes*.
They were as twinn'd Lambs that did frisk i'the Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other. What they 'chang'd
Was only Innocence, for Innocence.

Thus growing up, cemented in their Loves,
There rooted 'twixt them such a fair Affection
As cou'd not chuse but branch, and blossom forth,
Mellow'd by Time into the strongest Friendship.
And the same Sun, that saw *Leontes* wiv'd,
Blest with his Beams the Nuptials of *Polixenes*.
Tho' Seas divided them, yet did they seem,
In Absence, to embrace as 'twere; by Gifts,
By Letters, and by loving Embassies. —
At length *Bitbynia* paid his Friend a Visit.

Rog. His Welcome at the Court is still a Theme,
When Men wou'd praise our King's Magnificence.

Alcid. He made a *July's* Day short as *December*.
Nine Changes of the wat'ry Star had pass'd
Before *Bitbynia* press'd his Home-Return.
At last he urg'd what Dangers to his State
Might grow in Absence—That his Royalty
Wou'd suffer, and his Throne, so long unfill'd
Might heat aspiring Minds.—*Leontes* still
Combats his Reasons, and commands *Hermione*
To use her Eloquence.—Th' unwary Queen
With Vehemence prefers her pious Suit;
Entreats him for a Month, a Week, a Day.
O'ercome by fair Persuasions, he delay'd
His fix'd Departure.—Sudden Jealousy
Then seiz'd *Leontes'* Bosom, and he swore
His Wife was an Adult'ress.

Rog. When the Brain
Is thus infected, the Imagination
Will to the Center stab; communicate with Dreams,
And make unreal things appear as strong
As sacred Verities.—Unhappy Queen!—

Alcid. I was in Presence when his flaming Eyes
Discover'd

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Discover'd first his Rage. He call'd me to him :
 Did'st thou not mark ? he cry'd — *Bitbynia* stays,
 But not at my Entreaty : they're too hot,
 To mingle Friendship far, is mingling Blood !
 She arms her with the Boldness of a Wife,
 To her allowing Husband. — Gone already ;
 Inch thick, Knee deep, o'er Head and Ears a fork'd one,
 I then adjur'd him, by the Wounds he'd give
 His Honour as a King, timely to think,
 Before he plung'd himself in deep Despair. —
 Nay, urg'd the Scandal to the Blood o' th' Prince,
 His darling Son.

Rog. Illustrious hapless Youth ! —
 His Virtue suffers for his Father's Crimes.
 Divided in his Duty, whilst his Heart
 Acquits *Hermione*, and mourns in secret
 The mighty Sorrows of that injur'd Saint ;
 The Thought infects, and preys upon his Health,
 And will, 'tis fear'd, if not remov'd, prove fatal.

Alcid. O Jealousy ! how fatal is thy Rage ?
 Seated in private Breasts, it carries Ruin
 Where-e'er its Influence spreads. —
 But when a pow'rful Monarch's Soul is tainted,
 It scatters all around the vast Destruction,
 And Numbers suffer for the Guilt of one.

Antigonus, who thinks upon thy Fate,
 Without a melting Eye ? Lost to thy Friends,
 Thy Wife and native Clime, where dost thou wander ?

Rog. Mean you the Husband of the good *Paulina* ?

Alcid. I do. A Man full of the nicest Honour ;
 His Actions spoke him noble : — strictly honest ;
 Cautious to promise ; but his Word once giv'n
 Was irreverfible. — This worthy Lord,
Leontes, in the Tempest of his Mind,
 His frantick Bosom fraught with black Suspicion,
 Commanded to destroy th' unhappy Fruit
 Of his own Marriage-Bed. — On his Refusal,

He

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He swore him, on the Peril of his Soul,
And on his Body's Torture, to convey it
Out of *Sicilia* : in some desert Place
To leave it to its Fortune—that blind Chance
Might either strangely rear it up, or end it.—
But the Morn wastes.—By this, the King has left
His thorny Couch ; where, to the Shades of Night,
Instead of tasting balmy, soft Repose,
Incessantly he pours out his Complaints.

SCENE opens and discovers the King, Attendants.
Soft Musick.

King. Nor Night, nor Day, no Rest;—it is but Weakness
To bear the Matter thus ; mere weakness, if
The Cause were not in being ; part o' the Cause,
She, the Adult'ress ; for th' Adulterer,
Is quite beyond mine Arm ; out of the Blank
And Level of my Brain, Plot proof ; but she
I can hook to me : say, that she were gone,
Giv'n to the Fire, a Moiety of my Rest
Might come to me again.—But wherefore shakes
My Coward Soul, and startles at that Thought ?
As she is guilty, Justice dooms her Death :
And yet,—these dreadful Heralds of the Gods,
Proclaiming Wrath divine, but newly wak'd,
Unnerve my Resolution,—and each Thought
That tends to Vengeance, with a strong Recoil
Bounds back, and strikes on my astonish'd Sense
With tenfold Horror !—Where's the Lord *Rogero* ?

Rog. My Liege.

King. Have our Physicians yet discover'd
The secret Malady of Prince *Mamillius* ? [baffled ;

Rog. They've try'd their utmost Skill, which yet seems
'Tis thought the working of his Mind enflames
His feverish Pulse.

King. His Mind, *Rogero* ?—Ha !—

How

How sometimes Nature will betray its Folly!—
 Its Tenderneſs!—And make itſelf a Paſtime
 To harder Boſoms.—O my Boy, ſo young,
 And haſt already ſuch a tender Senſe
 Of the Indignity thy Father ſuffers?
 What wilt thou feel, when Manhood ripens thee,
 And thou ſhalt know by Proof a Woman's Falſhood?
 For all are falſe;—as falſe as Winds, or Waters;
 As Dice are to be wiſh'd, by one who fixes
 No Bourne 'twixt his and mine.

Alcid. Pardon me, Sir,

The Duty and Allegiance that I owe you
 Unties my Tongue.—The Anguiſh you have felt,
 Tormented by the Queen's imagin'd Falſhood—

King. Imagin'd Falſhood!—Where, *Alcides*,
 Where were thy Eyes? Thou then wert of our Court,
 And muſt have ſeen *Bitbynia* and my Wife;
 Have mark'd them, padling Palms, and pinching Fingers:
 Have ſeen them ſtopping the Career of Laughter
 With a ſad ſudden Sigh; a Note infallible
 Of breaking Honeſty.—

Was Whiſp'ring nothing?—Leaning Cheek to Cheek,
 Kiffing with inſide Lip, and meeting Noſes?
 Sculking in Corners, wiſhing Clocks more ſwift;
 Hours Minutes? the Noon Midnight, and all Eyes
 Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs only,
 That wou'd unſeen be wicked? Was this nothing?
 Why then, the World, and all that's in't is nothing;
 Nothing the cov'ring Sky—*Bitbynia* nothing;
 My Wife is nothing too, if this be nothing.

Alcid. O that you had been cur'd by Times, my Liege,
 Of this diſeaſ'd Opinion.

King. Doſt thou think

That I am yet ſo muddy, and unſettled
 T'appoint myſelf in this Vexation? ſully
 The Purity and Whiteness of my Sheets,
 Which to preſerve is Sleep; which being ſpotted,

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Is Goads, Thorns, Nettles, Tails of Wasps,
Without ripe moving to't : cou'd I do this ?
Cou'd Man so blench ?—I tell thee, mindless Slave,
Were my Wife's Liver half so much infected,
As then was her lewd Life, she wou'd not live
The running of one Glafs.

Alcid. Still must I think,
(If 'tis Presumption, take my forfeit Head,)
The Queen and wrong'd *Polixenes* are honest.

King. Villain, thou liest; he wore her like his Medal,
Hanging about his Neck.—*Bithynia* did!—
Yet,—I but yoke with others :—there have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, Cuckolds ere now;
And many a Man there is, ev'n at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his Wife by th' Arm,
That little thinks how wanton she has been,
When he was absent. Nay, there's Comfort in't,
While other Men have Gates, and those Gates open'd
Like mine against their Will.—Shou'd all despair
That have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind
Wou'd hang themselves. And Physick for't there's none,
It is a powerful Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant. There's Thousands of us
Have the Disease, and yet perceive it not.

Rog. When you, dread Sir, shall come to clearer Proof
(As by *Apollo's* Oracle we hope,)
How will you grieve, when what you now call Justice,
Be prov'd a Violence ?

King. Were you to swear *Hermione* is honest,
By each partic'lar Star that reigns in Heav'n,
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Ocean to obey the Moon,
As, or by Oath remove, or Counsel shake
My strong Suspicion.—There may be i'the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no Venom; for his Knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present

Th'

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Th' abhor'd Ingredient to his Eye, make known
 How he has drunk, he cracks his Gorge, his Sides
 With violent Hefts.—I've drank, and seen the Spider.—
 Trait'rous *Camillo* was his Fædary;
 His Pander, and fled with him.—That false Villain!
 And now they laugh secure, and loll the Tongue,
 And cry, *Sicilia* is a soforth, a pinch'd Thing!

Alcid. *Camillo* fled, 'tis true, my Sov'reign Liege;
 And with *Polixenes*: Fear caus'd his Flight;
 When Kings are angry, who can stand before 'em?
 But let him not be burthen'd with a Crime
 That taints the purest Blood;—call him not Traytor.

King. *Alcides*, thou know'st I've trusted thee
 With all the things nearest my Heart,—with all
 My Chamber-Councils, and therein, Priest-like,
 Thou'st cleans'd my Bosom; I from thee departed,
 Thy Penitent reform'd.—But I have been
 Deceiv'd in thy Integrity.

Alcid. Forbid it, Heav'n!

King. Thou art not honest, or thou art a Coward:
 Thou'rt sworn my Servant, in the nearest Trust,
 Yet saw'st a false Game play'd, the rich Stake drawn,
 And took it for a Jest. O had'st thou Eyes,
 T' have seen alike, my Honour, as thy Profits,
 Thine own particular Thrifts, thou'd'st have done that,
 Which wou'd have paid the Villain in his kind;
 Be-spic'd a Cup, and giv'n *Polixenes*
 A lasting Wink;—which Draught to me were Cordial.

Alcid. No, sacred Sir, cou'd I have found Examples
 Of thousands that have struck anointed Kings,
 And flourish'd after the atrocious Act,
 Ev'n then my Soul wou'd have refus'd Consent;
 But since nor Brass, nor Stone, nor Parchment bears
 The Memory of one, let Villainy
 Itself forswear it.—O ye righteous Pow'rs
 Judge 'twixt the Royal Friends,—but spare, O spare
 A sinking Land, that wastes beneath your Wrath!

King.

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King. There, I am touch'd indeed!--to save my People
O that my Blood were an accepted Ransom!
Great *Smintheus*! Son of the divine *Latona*,
Bend, on *Leontes*, thy Death-darting Bow,
And with redoubled Rage, arm ev'ry Shaft;
But spare my poor *Sicilians*, they are guiltless.—
How am I torn! my violated Bed,
(For Heav'n is jealous of the Fame of Kings,)
Has brought Destruction on my wretched Subjects!

Rog. Three great Ones suffer in this heavy Charge;
Yourself, your Queen, and Son.—Might I entreat,
Till, from the *Tripes*, the dread Answer comes
That must pronounce her Fate, yet hold her spotless.

Alcid. I have three Daughters, Sir; but by mine Honour,
If it be prov'd *Hermione* is false,
They shall not live, to bring false Generations:
Their Beauty shall not bloom, this Hand shall slay 'em.—
For ev'ry Inch of Woman in the World
Is vile, if she be so.

King. Peace, Peace, no more.
You smell this Business with a Sense as cold,
As is a dead Man's Nose.—*Camillo's* Flight,
Added to their Familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd Conjecture;
That lack'd Sight only, all make up to th' Deed.
However, to give Rest to others Minds,
Whose Censure has fell on us, for the Heav'ns
Have with an Aspect of ill Favour look'd
Of late upon our Kingdom, we've dispatch'd
You know, to great *Apollo's* Priest, at *Delphos*,
Cleomines and *Dion*. By the Oracle
Their Doubts will be resolv'd.—I need no more
Than what I know, and what I feel within.—

Paulina entering, an Attendant stops her.

Atten. Your pardon, Madam, 'tis the King's Command,
You must not enter.

C

Paul.

Paul. From the Queen I come.

And good my Lords, be you all Seconds to me;
Fear you his tyrannous Passion more alas,
Than the Queen's Life?—a gracious innocent Soul,
More free from his Attaints, than he is jealous.

Attend. He has not slept to-night, and has commanded
Few shou'd come near his Presence.—You by Name
He has forbid.

Paul. Not quite so hot, good Sir.

I come to bring him Sleep; 'tis such as you,
That creep like Shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless Heavings, such as you,
That nourish still the Cause of his awaking.
I come with Words, as med'cinal, as true;
To purge from him that Humour which makes Sleep
Fly from his Pillow.

King. Hence, audacious Lady!

Have I not charg'd she shou'd not come about me?

Paul. I come, my Liege, from Queen *Hermione*,
And I beseech you hear me! who profess
Myself your loyal Servant; your Physician,
Your most obedient Counsellor: yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your Evils,
Than such as most seem yours. I say, I come
From your good Queen.

King. Good Queen?—

Paul. Again I say

Good Queen, my Lord.—If e'er *Bithynia* touch'd her
Forbiddingly, let my best Blood now turn
To an infected Jelly, and my Name
Be rank'd with their's that have betray'd the best!
Where I arrive, may my Approach be shun'd;
Nay hated too, worse than the great'st Infection
That e'er was heard, or read of.

King. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but Trifles of his Eyes
First hand me.

King.

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King. All conspire?—A Nest of Traytors!—

Alcid. I am not one, my Liege.

Paul. Nor I, nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself. For he
The sacred Honour of himself, his Queen,
His hopeful Son, and his lost Infant-Daughter
Betrays to Slander, whose envenom'd Sting
Is sharper than the Sword.

Full fifteen years have shed their leafy Honours
Since my *Antigonus*, by thee enjoin'd,
(O that he less had fear'd tyrannic Pow'r!)
On his Soul's peril swore he wou'd bear hence,
To some inhospitable desert Clime
The Issue of his King.

King. 'Tis false, gross Hag!

My Issue! rather call it what it was,

The Bastard of the curst *Polixenes*.

I am a Feather for each Wind that blows;
Each bold intruding Tongue assaults my Fame.
Were I a Tyrant, where were now your Life?
But hence, away, while yet my Mercy lasts;
A Moment longer, and my rising Rage
May fatal prove.

Paul. Your Rage may seize my Life,
For I am weary on't.—I an old Turtle
Wou'd wing me to some wither'd Bough, and there,
My Mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, till I am lost.—*Antigonus!*

My dearest Lord, the Husband of my Youth,
Why, why did'st thou obey this cruel King?
I thought not to have wept, but O, thy Mem'ry
Forces this female Weakness from my Eyes.

Alcid. Remove her, she'll but more incense the King.

Paul. Unvenerable be the Hands that dare to touch me.
Once more, O King, I beg for Leave to speak.
I've heard, but not believ'd, the Spirits of the Dead
May walk again.—If such thing be, last Night

Did my *Antigonus*, who doubtless perish'd,
 When by thy stern Command he left the Innocent,
 Thy Daughter for a Prey to Kites and Vultures,
 Appear to his *Paulina*.—Ne'er was Dream
 So like a Waking. To me comes a Creature,
 Sometimes his Head on one Side, sometimes th' other,
 I never saw a Vessel of like Sorrow,
 So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white Robes,
 Like very Sanctity he did approach me.— [hence.

King. Boundless of Tongue!--once more I bid thee

Paul. My Story ended, take away my Life.

Thrice did the Spectre bow itself before me;
 And gasping as it wou'd begin some Speech,
 Instant his Eyes became two streaming Fountains.
 Their Fury spent, at length these Words broke from him.
 "I was thy Husband; in my Prime of Life
 "Torn from thy tender Side:—*Leontes* urg'd,
 "And by a fatal Oath enjoin'd my Service
 "Against my better Mind.—His Babe I left,
 "(What Time the Heav'ns, as angry at the Act,
 "In Peals of dreadful Thunder threaten'd Vengeance,)
 "Upon *Bithynia's* Shore. Fate soon o'ertook me;
 "Pursu'd by rav'nous Bears, my quiv'ring Flesh,
 "And gushing Blood, yielded a dire Repast.

King. Cease, fabling Dreamer, babble to the Air,
 To Echo tell the visionary Fears
 That ride thee, in this Dotage of thy Soul.

Paul. Now by mine Honour, all I have deliver'd
 Is strictly true. From Heav'n the Vision came,
 To right the Injur'd, my afflicted Mistress.
 When I inform'd her of this Visitation;
 With Tears, she cry'd, *Paulina*, seek the King,
 My dear, but cruel Lord. Let me embrace,
 Instead of these vile Bonds, a bitter Death,
 If on a legal, and an open Tryal,
 My Innocency rises not triumphant,
 O'er all th' insidious Malice of my Foes.

King.

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King. Dare she abide th' impartial Test of Justice?
We mean to hold a free and solemn Session:
Our Messengers, that we dispatch'd to *Delphos*,
With ev'ry coming Hour we do expect.
Apollo judge betwixt us.

Enter Messenger.

Messen. Please your Highness,
Posts are arriv'd from those you sent to th' *Oracle*:
Cleomines, and *Dion*, are both landed,
And hast'ning to the Court.

Alcid. Their Speed, my Liege,
Has been beyond Account.

King. Scarce twenty Days
Have they been absent.—Lords, prepare you all;
Summon a Session, that we may arraign,
In open Court, our most disloyal Lady.—
For as she hath been publickly accus'd,
So shall she have a just and open Tryal.
Whence these Misgivings?—wherefore is my Heart
Assaulted on a Sudden thus by Fear?
O, the inextricable Toil of Doubting!—
Unfold, great *Phæbus*, the mysterious Truth.
To thy Decision I my Cause will trust;
I have been cruel, or I have been just. [Exit.

End of the First Act.

ACT



A C T II.

S C E N E I. *The Court of Leontes.*

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleom. **O**UR Journey has been pleasant, rare and [speedy ;
Worthy our Time and Pains.—May the
Prove to the Queen auspicious. [Event

Dion. Grant it Heav'n.

O happy *Phocis*, Seat of the Immortals !
The Climate's delicate, the Air most sweet,
Fertile the Soil, the Temple much surpassing
The common Praise it bears.

Cleom. It shames Report ;
How awful too were the celestial Habits ?
Methinks I so shou'd term them, and the Rev'rence
Of the grave Wearers ? — O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was in th' Off'ring !

Dion. But of all, the Burst,
And the Ear-deaf'ning Voice of th' Oracle,
Kin to *Jove's* Thunder ; so surpris'd my Sense
That I was nothing.

Cleom. O'er the sacred Cave,
The spreading Laurel seem'd to grow spontaneous ;
Or, by *Apollo* planted ; to secure
From prying vulgar Eyes, the swelling *Priestess* :
Left when possess'd by the inspiring God,
Full of divine enthusiastic Rapture,
And seeming more than mortal,
Astonishment, and Death seize the Beholders.

Dion.

Dion. The Sentence of *Apollo*, thus seal'd up,
By his own great Divine, will clear *Hermione*,
Or make her Crime suddenly rush to Knowledge.
The Court is summon'd.—Gracious be the Issue!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Prison.*

Enter Hermione.

Kind Heav'n at length has heard my Pray'rs! this Day,
The last of Misery, absolves my Fame
From the imputed Guilt that long has stain'd it;
Or seals my Death. The Grave will hide my Sorrows.
And shou'd injurious Calumny still fix
The Brand of Infamy yet deeper on me,
The equal Gods, they who pervade our Souls,
And see not with the Eyes of partial Man,
Will sure acquit me, and reward my Sufferings.

Enter Paulina.

Now, good *Paulina*, where are these stern Judges?
Conduct me, Friend, lead me to their Tribunal.—
My Heart is conscious of its own Integrity:
And I dare meet the Malice of my Foes,
Altho' disguis'd in all the awful Pomp,
And shew of Justice, to appear more terrible.

Paul. I am not prone to weeping, as our Sex
Commonly are, therefore my Heart, surcharg'd,
Feels with more Poinancy your cruel Wrongs.
Shall Majesty be made the Gazer's Mock?
Be treated with Contempt?—arraign'd, adjudg'd,
And censur'd, or acquitted by the Tongues
Of the presuming Vulgar?—Why has Custom
Subjected thus, poor, weak, defenceless Woman?
Made her a Slave to those imperious Lords,
Who claim it, as their Birthright, to be Tyrants?

Herm.

Herm. No more Complaints.—As yet I have possess'd
My Soul in Patience, tho' ill Planets reign'd.
But now, methinks, the Heav'ns begin to look
With Aspects less malign.—Pass but some Minutes,
My Reputation that has long been sullied,
Will like the Sun, emerging from a Cloud,
Strike ev'ry Eye with its own native Splendour.

Paul. Here's such ado with the King's dang'rous Luns!—
Must Honesty, and Honour be lock'd up,
Whilst Affectation of pretended Virtue,
With its bold Front, stalks proudly thro' the World?
No Court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in Prison?

Herm. O *Paulina*!
My only Friend, and Refuge in Affliction,
Let me unlade my Bosom.—Tho' for Years,
Within these ragged Walls, whose darksome rounds
Admit no Cheerfulness, I've been immur'd,
And by the Help of all-sustaining Heav'n,
Have bow'd my Mind, and taught it Resignation;
Yet as a Mother, I have felt, each Hour,
The yearning Pangs of sympathising Nature.
My Babe, no sooner from my Womb was free'd,
But was held out to Murder!—For myself,
Proclaim'd a Strumpet, with immodest Hatred,
That I forgive.—But O, my innocent Child,
Barbarity itself wou'd sure have pitied thee!

Paul. Alas, poor Infant!—Lady, weep no more.
Perhaps some pow'rful Spirit has instructed
The Kites and Ravens to become its Nurses.
'Tis said that Beasts of Prey, fierce Wolves and Bears,
(Casting, thro' Instinct, Savageness aside,)
Have done, ere now, like Offices of Pity.

Herm. The interposing Hand of gracious Heav'n
Was ne'er exerted in a worthier Cause.
But wherefore do I flatter thus my Sorrows?
Who can revive the Dead?—And yet 'tis kind,

'Tis

'Tis Friendship most exalted, my *Paulina*,
 To share the Suff'rings of thy Mistress thus:
 Thy Loyalty to me has been thy Ruin.
 O fatal Wretch! whose Mis'ries, like Infection,
 Spreading around, taint all that dare approach thee.

Paul. Let me behold your injur'd Honour clear'd,
 As it must be, if *Fanes* and *Priests* don't lie,
 And I'll no more bewail my widowed Bed;
 But, unrepining, bear the Load of Woe
 That Heav'n allots me, as my Portion here.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Pardon me, Madam, for this forc'd Intrusion,
 If I had dar'd to disobey this Mandate, [*Shewing a Paper.*
 My forfeit Head must have atton'd th' Offence.
 I am commanded to conduct your Highness
 Where our assembled Lords in Council sit,
 Whose Suffrage must acquit, or else condemn you.

Herm. I go, prepar'd.—No coward Tremblings rise,
 With their alarming Fears, to shake my Bosom;
 Within me all is calm.—Impulse divine!—
 Whose firm assurance (as if *Jove* had spoke,
 Himself reclining from yond Empyrean)
 Informs me, my Deliv'rance is at hand.
 Hail, holy Hope!—Offspring of Heav'n itself;
 To thee alone 'tis giv'n to cheer the Mourner,
 And tell the wretched, they may yet be happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE represents a Court of Justice. *Leontes*,
Lords, and Officers appear properly seated.

Leon. This Session, (to our great Grief, we pronounce)
 Ev'n pushes 'gainst our Heart. The Party try'd,
 The Daughter of a mighty King, our Wife,
 And one, who once was of us so lov'd,
 Our very Being was bound up with her:
 Which we have worn, since her Revolt from Virtue,
 Like those who linger out a tedious Life
 In wasting Torments.—Let us then be clear'd
 Of being tyrannous, since we so openly

Proceed in Justice, which shall have due Course,
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation.
Produce the Prisoner.

Officer. It is his Highness' Pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in Person here in Court. Silence!

[*Hermione is brought in, guarded; Paulina and
Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the Indictment.

Officer. *Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes,
King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned
of High Treason, in committing Adultery with Po-
lixenes, King of Bithynia, and conspiring with Ca-
millo to take away the Life of our Sovereign Lord
the King, thy Royal Husband; the Pretence where-
of being, by Circumstances, partly laid open, thou
Hermione, contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of
a true Subject, didst counsel and aid them for their
better Safety, to fly away by Night.*

Herm. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which only contradicts my Accusation;
The Testimony on my Part, no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, not guilty: mine Integrity
Being counted Falshood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powers divine
Behold our human Actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation blush, and Tyranny
Tremble at Patience. You, my Lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past Life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, and true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than History can pattern, tho' devis'd
And play'd to take Spectators. For behold me
A Fellow of the royal Bed, which owe
A Moiety of the Throne: a great King's Daughter,
The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing
To prate and talk for Life and Honour, 'fore

Who please to come and hear. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Grief, which I would spare: for Honour,
'Tis a Derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own Conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your Grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what Encounter so uncurrant I
Have strain'd t' appear thus; if one Jot beyond
The Bounds of Honour, or in Act or Will
That way inclining, hardened be the Hearts
Of all that hear me and my near'st of Kin
Cry fie upon my Grave.

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of those bolder Vices wanted
Less Impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Herm. That's true enough,
Tho' 'tis a Saying, Sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Herm. More than Mistress of
What comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him, as in Honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of Love, as might become
A Lady like me, with a Love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded;
Which not to 've done, I think had been in me
Both Disobedience and Ingratitude
To you, and tow'rd your Friend; whose Love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest Man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his Departure, as you know
What then you undertook to do in's Absence.

Herm. You speak a Language that I understand not;
My Life stands in the Level of your Dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your Actions are my Dreams.
As you were past all Shame, so past all Truth;
And therefore, in the Course of this our Justice,
Look for no less than Death.

Herm. Sir, spare your Threats;
The Bug, which you would fright me with, I seek:
To me can Life be no Commodity.
The Crown and Comfort of my Life, your Favour,
I long have lost, but know not how it went.
My second Joy, my Son, I from his Presence
Am barr'd like one infectious. My third Comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, was from my Breast
(The innocent Milk in its most innocent Mouth,)
Unnaturally pluck'd, and doom'd to Slaughter.
Tell me what Blessings then have I alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no Life,
I prize it not a Straw, but for mine Honour,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Upon Surmises, all Proofs sleeping else,
But what your Jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis Rigour and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Judge.

Enter Dion and Cleomines.

Alcid. This your Request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo's* Name, his Oracle.

Herm. You know my Father was a mighty Emp'ror;
Oh

Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His Daughter's Tryal; that he did but see
The Flatness of my Misery; yet with Eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge!

Officer. You here shall swear upon the Sword of Justice,
That you, *Cleomines*, and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleom. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the Seals, and read.

Officer. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true Subject, Leontes a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King shall live without an Heir, if that which is lost be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

Herm. Praised!

What grateful Sacrifice, ye righteous Powers,
Shall my full Heart pour forth? This Truth reveal'd
Is ample Recompence for all my Suff'rings!

Leon. Hast thou read Truth?

Officer. Ev'n as 'tis here set down.

Leon. There is no Truth at all i' th' Oracle;
The Session shall proceed; this is mere Falshood.

Herm. Cruel *Leontes*, wherefore do you labour
Against the Evidence of Gods and Men,
To make me guilty?—Think what I've endur'd,
Excluded the domestic Joys of Life,
My Husband, and my Children!—Wounded thus,
Ev'n in the tend'rest Part, if I complain'd,
'Twas but to Heav'n, and to my Prison-Walls.
My mighty Sorrows never reach'd your Ears.—

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord the King, the King.

Leon.

Leon. What is the Bufinefs ?

Serv. O Sir, I fhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Son, with mere Conceit and Fear
Of the Queen's Speed is gone.

Leon. How gone ?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. *Apollo's* angry, and the Heav'ns themselves
Do ftrike at my Injuftice. How now there ?

[*Hermione faints.*

Paul. This News is mortal to the Queen : look down
And fee what Death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence ;

Her Heart is but o'er-charg'd ; ſhe will recover.

[*Exeunt Hermione, Paulina, and Ladies.*

I have too much believ'd mine own Suspicion :

'Befeech you tenderly apply to her

Some Remedies for Life. *Apollo*, pardon

My great Profaneneſs 'gainſt thine Oracle.

I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,

New woo my Queen, recall the good *Camillo*,

(Whom I proclaim a Man of Truth, of Mercy,)

For being transported by my Jealouſies

To bloody Thoughts, and to Revenge, I choſe

Camillo for the Miniſter, to poiſon

My Friend *Polixenes* ; which had been done,

But that the good Mind of *Camillo* tardied

My ſwift Command.—How does his Virtue glifter

Thro' my dark Ruſt ! and how his Piety

Does my Deeds make the blacker !

Enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while :

O cut my Lace, left my Heart, cracking it,
Break too.

Alcid. What Fit is this, good Lady ?

Paul. What ſtudied Torments, Tyrant, haſt for me ?
What

The WINTER's TALE. 23

What Wheels ? Racks ? Fires ? what flaying ? boiling ?
burning

In Leads or Oils ? what old or newer Torture
Must I receive ? whose every Word deserves
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
Together working with thy Jealousies,
Fancies too weak for Boys, too green and idle
For Girls of nine ! O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed ; stark mad ; for all
Thy bygone Fooleries were but Spices of it.
That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
That did but shew thee, of a Soul inconstant,
Wav'ring and most ingrateful.

Alcid. What means this Exclamation ?

Paul. Nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo's* Honour,
To have him kill a King : poor Trespasses,
More monstrous standing by ; whereof I reckon
The casting forth to Crows thy Baby Daughter,
To be, or none, or little.—But the last,
When I have said, cry woe, the Queen, the Queen,
The sweetest, dearest Creature's dead ; and Vengeance for't
Not dropt down yet.

Roge. The higher Powers forbid ! [Oath

Paul. I say she's dead : I'll swear't : if Word, nor
Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
Tincture, or Lustre in her Lip, her Eye,
Heat outwardly, or Breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant !
Dó not repent these things ; for they are heavier
Than all thy Woes can stir : therefore betake thee
To nothing but Despair. A thousand Knees,
Ten thousand Years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren Mountain, and still Winter
In Storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that Way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on :

Thou

Thou can'st not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
All Tongues to talk their bitterest.

Alcid. Say no more ;
Howe'er the Business goes, you have made Fault
I' th' Boldness of your Speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't.
All Faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent : alas, I've shew'd too much
The Rashness of a Woman ; he is touch'd
To th' noble Heart. What's gone, and what's past help,
Shou'd be past Grief. Do not receive Affliction
At my Petition, I beseech you ; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you shou'd forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish Woman ;
The Love I bore your Queen—Lo, Fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your Children :
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,
Who is lost too. Take you your Patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the Truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead Bodies of my Queen and Son ;
One Grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The Causes of their Death appear unto
Our Shame perpetual ; once a Day I'll visit
The Chapel where they lye, and Tears, shed there,
Shall be my Recreation.
As long as Nature will itself sustain,
That cruel Heart I'll exercise in Woe,
From whose fell Dictates all these Mis'ries flow.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Scene, The Court of Bithynia.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Polix. **I** Pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a Sickness denying thee any thing, a Death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen Years since I saw my Country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my Bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my Master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling Sorrows I might be some Allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another Spur to my Departure.

Polix. As thou lov'st me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the rest of thy Services by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own Goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me Busineses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very Services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my Study. Of that fatal Country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee, speak no more; whose very Name punishes me with the Remembrance of that Penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King my Brother, whose Loss of his most precious Queen and Children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when

E

saw'st

saw'st thou the Prince *Florizel* my Son? Kings are no less unhappy, their Issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their Virtues.

Camil. Sir, it is three Days since I saw the Prince; what his happier Affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have noted, he is of late much retired from Court, and is less frequent to his princely Exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

Polix. I have considered so much, *Camillo*, and with some Care so far, that I have Eyes under my Service, which look up his Removedness; from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is seldom from the House of a most homely Shepherd; a Man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the Imagination of his Neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable Estate.

Camil. I have heard, Sir, of such a Man, who hath a Daughter of most rare Note; the Report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a Cottage.

Polix. That's likewise a Part of my Intelligence; and, I fear, the Engle that plucks our Son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the Place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some Question with the Shepherd; from whose Simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the Cause of my Son's Resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present Partner in this Business, and lay aside the Thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Camil. I willingly obey your Command.

Polix. My best *Camillo*-- We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE *changes to the Country.*

Enter Autolicus singing.

*When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh! the Doxy over the Dale,
Why, then comes in the Sweet o' th' Year,
'Fore the red Blood reins-in the Winter Pale.*

*The white Sheet bleaching on the Hedge,
With, hey! the sweet Birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my proggng Tooth on edge:
For a Quart of Ale is a Dish for a King.*

*The Lark that tirra-lyra chaunts
With, hey! with, hey! the Thrush and the Jay:
Are Summer Songs for me and my Aunts,
While we lye tumbling in the Hay.*

I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and in my time wore
three-pile, but now I am out of Service.

*But shall I go mourn for that, my Dear?
The pale Moon shines by Night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go most right.*

*If Tinkers may have Leave to live,
And bear the Sow-skin Budget;
Then my Account I well may give,
And in the Stocks avouch it.*

My Traffick is Sheets; when the Kite builds, look to
lesser Linen. My Father named me *Autolicus*, being
litter'd under *Mercury*; who, as I am, was likewise a
Snapper-up of unconsider'd Trifles: with Die and

Drab, I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Revenue is the filly Cheat—Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the Highway ; Beating and Hanging are Terrors to me : for the Life to come, I sleep out the Thought of it.—A Prize ! a Prize !

Enter Clown.

Clown. Let me see,—every eleven Weather Todds, every Tod yields Pound and odd Shilling ; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the Wool to ?

Autol. If the Sprindge hold, the Cock's mine.—

[*Aside.*

Clown. I cannot do't without Compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our Sheep-shearing Feast, three Pound of Sugar, five Pound of Currants, Rice—what will this Sister of mine do with Rice ?—Sister—why do I call her Sister ?—My Father found her in the Wood : but she brought good Luck to us. I remember she had a bearing Cloth fit for a Squire's Child. She was some Scape ; tho' neither of us are bookish, we cou'd read Waiting-Gentlewoman in the Scape. She was some Stair-work, some Trunk-work, some Behind-door-work. Then the Gold that was wrapt up in the Mantle ! we thought it Fairy-gold, but it has made us happy Mortals ever since.—Well—my Father has made her Mistrefs of the Feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty Nose-gays for the Shearers ; three Man-songmen all, and very good ones, but they are most of them Means and Bases ; but one Puritan among them, and he sings Psalms to Horn-Pipes. I must have Saffron to colour the War-den Pies, Mace—Dates—none that's out of my Note : Nutmegs, seven ; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may beg ; four Pound of Prunes, and as many Raisins o' th' Sun.

Autol.

Autol. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the Ground.*]

Clown. I' th' Name of me —

Autol. Oh, help me, help me : pluck but off these Rags, and then Death, Death —

Clown. Alack, poor Soul, thou hast need of more Rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Autol. Oh, Sir, the Loathsomness of them offends me, more than the Stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor Man! a million of Beating may come to a great Matter.

Autol. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my Money and Apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a Horseman, or a Footman?

Autol. A Footman, sweet Sir, a Footman.

Clown. Indeed, he shou'd be a Footman, by the Garments he has left with thee; if this be a Horseman's Coat, it hath seen very hot Service. Lend me thy Hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy Hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Autol. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, Oh!

Clown. Alas, poor Soul.

Autol. O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my Shoulder-Blade is out.

Clown. How now? can't stand?

Autol. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable Office.

Clown. Dost lack any Money? I have a little Money for thee.

Autol. No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a Kinsman not past three Quarters of a Mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have Money, or any thing I want: offer me no Money, I pray you; that kills my Heart.

Clown.

Clown. What manner of Fellow was he that robb'd you?

Autol. A Fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with Trol-my-dames: I knew him once a Servant of the Prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his Virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the Court.

Clown. His Vices, you would say; there's no Virtue whipp'd out of the Court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Autol. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this Man well; he hath been since an Ape-bearer, then a Process-ferver, a Bailiff; then he compass'd a Motion of the prodigal Son, and married a Tinker's Wife within a Mile where my Land and Living lies; and having flown over many knavish Professions, he settled only in a Rogue; some call him *Autolicus*.

Clown. Out upon him, Prig! for my Life, Prig;—he haunts Wakes, Fairs, and Bear-baitings.

Autol. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the Rogue that put me into this Apparel. [*Picks his Pocket.*]

Clown. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bitbynthia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Autol. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no Fighter; I am false of Heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Autol. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my Kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on thy Way.

Autol. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clown. Then, farewell, I must go to buy Spices for our Sheep-shearing. [*Exit.*]

Autol. Prosper you, sweet Sir! your Purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice. I'll be with you
at

The WINTER's TALE. 31

at your Sheep-shearing too : If I make not this Cheat
bring out another, and the Shearers prove Sheep, let me
be unroll'd, and my Name put into the Book of Virtue !

S O N G.

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path Way,
And merrily bent the Stile—a.
A merry Heart goes all the Day,
Your sad tires in a Mile—a.* [Exit.

S C E N E, *The Prospect of a Shepherd's Cotte.*

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flori. These your unusual Weeds to each part of you
Do give a Life : no Shepherdess, but *Flora*
Peering in *April's* Front. This your Sheep-shearing
Is as a Meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Perd. Sir, my gracious Lord,
To chide at your Extreame it not becomes me :
Oh pardon, that I name them : your high self,
The gracious Mark o' th' Land, you have obscur'd
With a Swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly Maid,
Most Goddess-like prank'd up. But that our Feasts
In every Mefs have Folly, and the Feeders
Digest it with a Custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd.

Flori. I bless the Time,
When my good Falcon made her Flight across
Thy Father's Ground.

Perd. Now *Jove* afford you Cause !
To me the Difference forges Dread ; (your Greatness
Hath not been us'd to Fear ;) even now I tremble
To think, your Father, by some Accident

Shou'd

Shou'd pass this Way, as you did: oh, the Fates!
 How would he look, to see his Work, so noble,
 Vildly bound up! what would he say! or how
 Should I in these my borrowed Flaunts behold
 The Sternness of his Presence?

Flori. Apprehend

Nothing but Jollity: the Gods themselves,
 Humbling their Deities to Love, have taken
 The Shapes of Beasts upon them. *Jupiter*
 Became a Bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
 A Ram, and bleated; and the Fire-rob'd God,
 Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble Swain,
 As I seem now. Their Transformations
 Were never for a Piece of Beauty rarer,
 Nor in a Way so chaste: since my Desires
 Run not before mine Honour; nor my Lusts
 Burn hotter than my Faith.

Perd. O, but, dear Sir,

Your Resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' Power o' th' King.
 One of these two must be Necessities,
 Which then will speak, that you must change this Purpose,
 Or I my Life.

Flori. Thou dearest *Perdita*,

With these forc'd Thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
 The Mirth o' th' Feast; or I'll be thine, my Fair,
 Or not my Father's. For I cannot be
 Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
 I be not thine. To this I am most constant
 Tho' Destiny say no. Be merry, (Gentle)
 Strangle such Thoughts as these, with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your Guests are coming:
 Lift up your Countenance, as 'twere the Day
 Of Celebration of that Nuptial, which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
 Stand you auspicious!

Enter

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants;
with Polixenes and Camillo *disguis'd*.

Flori. See, your Guests approach ;
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with Mirth.

Shep. Fie, Daughter ; when my old Wife liv'd, upon
This Day she was both Pantler, Butler, Cook,
Both Dame and Servant ; welcom'd all, serv'd all ;
Would sing her Song, and dance her turn ; now here
At upper End o' th' Table, now i' th' Middle :
On his Shoulder, and his ; her Face o' fire
With Labour ; and the Thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The Hostess of the Meeting : pray you, bid
These unknown Friends to's welcome, for it is
A Way to make us better Friends, more known.
Come, quench your Blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, Mistress o' th' Feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your Sheepshearing,
As your good Flock shall prosper.

Perd. Sirs, welcome. [*To Polix. and Camil.*]
It is my Father's Will, I should take on me
The Hostessship o' th' Day ; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me those Flowers there, *Dorcas*.—Reverend Sirs,
For you there's Rosemary and Rue, these keep
Seeming and Savour all the Winter long :
Grace and Remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our Shearing !

Polix. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our Ages
With Flowers of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the Year growing ancient,
Not yet on Summer's Death, nor on the Birth
Of trembling Winter, the fairest Flowers o' th' Season

Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-flowers,
Which some call Nature's Bastards: of that kind
Our rustick Garden's barren, and I care not
To get Slips of them.

Polix. Wherefore, gentle Maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their Pedeness shares
With great creating Nature.

Polix. Say there be,
Yet Nature is made better by no Mean,
But Nature makes that Mean; so o'er that Art,
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an Art
That Nature makes; you see, sweet Maid, we marry
A gentle Scyon to the wildest Stock;
And make conceive a Bark of baser kind
By Bud of nobler Race. This is an Art,
Which does mend Nature, change it rather; but
The Art itself is Nature.

Perd. So it is.

Polix. Then make your Garden rich in Gilly-flowers,
And do not call them Bastards.

Perd. I'll not put
The Dibble in Earth, to set one Slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This Youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's Flowers for you;
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savoury, Marjoram,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are Flowers
Of middle Summer, and, I think, they are given
To Men of middle Age. Y'are very welcome.

Camil. I should leave grazing, were I of your Flock,
And only live by gazing.

Perd. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that Blasts of *January* [Friend:
Wou'd blow you through and through. Now, my fairest
I would

I would I had some Flowers o' th' Spring, that might
 Become your Time of Day. O *Proserpina*,
 For the Flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
 From *Dis's* Waggon ! Daffadils,
 That come before the Swallow dares, and take
 The Winds of *March* with Beauty ; Violets dim,
 But sweeter than the Lids of *Juno's* Eyes,
 Or *Cytherea's* Breath ; pale Primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright *Phæbus* in his Strength. Bold Oxslips, and
 The Crown imperial ; Lillies of all kinds,
 The Flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack
 To make you Garlands of, and my sweet Friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flori. What, like a Coarse ?

Perd. No, like a Bank, for Love to lie and play on ;
 Not like a Coarse ; or if,—not to be buried
 But quick, and in mine Arms. Come, take your Flowers ;
 Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
 In *Whitson* Pastorals : sure, this Robe of mine
 Does change my Disposition.

Flori. What you do,
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, (Sweet)
 I'd have you do it ever ; when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so ; so, give Alms ;
 Pray, so ; and for the ord'ring your Affairs,
 To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
 A Wave o' th' Sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
 And own no other Function. Each your doing,
 So singular in each Particular,
 Crowns what you're doing in the present Deeds,
 That all your Acts are Queens.

Perd. O *Doricles*,
 Your Praises are too large ; but that your Youth
 And the true Blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd Shepherd ;

With Wisdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the false way

Flori. I think, you have
As little Skill to fear, as I have Purpose
To put you to't. But, come; our Dance, I pray;
Your Hand, my *Perdita*; so Turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Perd. I'll swear for 'em.

Polix. This is the prettiest low-born Lass, that ever
Ran on the Green-ford; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this Place.

Camil. He tells her something
That makes her Blood look out: good sooth, she is
The Queen of Curds and Cream.

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dorcas. *Mopsa* must be your Mistress; marry, Gar-
lick to mend her kissing with—

Mopsa. Now, in good Time!
Not a Word, a Word; we stand upon our Manners;
come, strike up.

[Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Polix. Pray, good Shepherd, what fair Swain is this,
Who dances with your Daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy breeding; but I have it
Upon his own Report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth; he says, he loves my Daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the Moon
Upon the Water, as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere, my Daughter's Eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a Kiss to chuse
Who loves another best.

Polix. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing, tho' I report it
That should be silent; if young *Doricles*

Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O Master, if you did but hear the Pedlar at the Door, you would never dance again after a Tabor and Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you; he sings several Tunes faster than you'll tell Money; he utters them as he had eaten Ballads, and all Men's Ears grew to his Tunes.

Clown. He could never come better; he shall come in; I love a Ballad but even too well, if it be doleful Matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath Songs for Man, or Woman, of all sizes; no Milliner can so fit his Customers with Gloves; he has the prettiest Love-songs for Maids—

Polix. This is a brave Fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited Fellow; has he any unbraided Wares?

Serv. He hath Ribbons of all the Colours i' th' Rainbow; Points, more than all the Lawyers in *Bithynia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the Grofs; Inkles, Caddiffes, Cambricks, Lawns; why, he sings them over, as they were Gods and Goddesses; you would think a Smock were a She-angel, he so chants to the Sleeve-hand, and the Work about the Square on't.

Clown. Pr'ythee bring him in; and let him approach, singing.

Perd. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous Words in's Tunes.

Clown. You have these Pedlars that have more in them than you'd think, Sister.

Perd. Ay, good Brother, or go about to think.

Enter

Enter Autolicus singing.

*Lawn as white as driven Snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was Crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask Roses,
Masks for Faces and for Noses;
Bugle Bracelets, Neck-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Lady's Chamber:
Golden Quoifs, and Stomachers,
For my Lads to give their Dears:
Pins, and Poaking-sticks of Steel,
What Maids lack from Head to Heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Come buy, &c.*

Clown. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no Money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the Bondage of certain Ribbons and Gloves.

Mopsa. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dorcas. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be Lyars.

Mopsa. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no Manners left among Maids? Will they wear their Plackets, where they should bear their Faces? Is there not milking time, when you are going to bed, or Kill-hole, to whistle of these Secrets, but you must be tittle-tatling before all our Guests? 'Tis well, they are whispering: clamour your Tongues, and not a Word more.

Mopsa. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry Lace, and a Pair of sweet Gloves.

Clown.

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Clown. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the Way, and lost all my Money?

Autol. And, indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves Men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, Man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Autol. I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many Parcels of Charge.

Clown. What hast here? Ballads?

Mopsa. Pray now, buy some; I love a Ballad in Print, or a Life; for then we are sure they are true.

Autol. Here's one to a very doleful Tune, how a Usurer's Wife was brought to bed with twenty Moneybags at a Burthen; and how she long'd to eat Adders Heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mopsa. Is it true, think you?

Autol. Very true, and but a Month old.

Dorcas. Bless me from marrying a Usurer!

Autol. Here's the Midwife's name to it, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest Wives that were present. Why should I carry Lies abroad?

Mopsa. Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more Ballads; we'll buy the other Things anon.

Autol. Here's another Ballad, of a Fish that appear'd upon the Coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand Fathom above Water, and sung this Ballad against the hard Hearts of Maids; it was thought, she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold Fish, for she would not exchange Flesh with one that lov'd her: the Ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dorcas. Is it true too; think you?

Autol. Five Justices Hands at it; and Witnesses, more than my Pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: another.—

Autol. This is a merry Ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mopsa.

Mopsa. Let's have some merry ones.

Autol. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the Tune of two Maids wooing a Man; there's scarce a Maid westward, but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mopsa. We can both sing it.

Dorcas. We had the Tune on't a Month ago.

Clown. We'll have this Song anon by ourselves: my Father and the Gentlemen are in sad Talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy Pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: Pedler, let's have the first Choice; follow me, Girls.

Autol. And you shall pay well for them.

S O N G.

Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape,

My dainty Duck, my dear-a?

And Silk, and Thread, any Toys for your Head

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the Pedler; Money's a Medler,

That doth utter all Men's Ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clown, Autolicus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there are three Goat-herds, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, and three Swine-herds, that have made themselves all Men of Hair; they call themselves Saltiers; and they have a Dance, which the Wenches say is a Gallymaufry of Gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o' th' Mind, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely Foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Polix.

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Polix. You weary those that refresh us: 'pray, let's see these four-threes of Herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own Report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve Feet and a half by the Square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good Men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

[*Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.*

Polix. O, Father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[*To the Shepherd.*

Is it not too far gone? 'tis Time to part them;

[*To Camillo.*

He's simple, and tells much.--How now, fair Shepherd? Your Heart is full of something, that does take Your Mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed Love, as you do, I was wont To load my She with Knacks: I would have ranfack'd The Pedler's silken Treasury, and have pour'd it To her Acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marred with him. If your Lads Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of Love and Bounty; you were straited For a Reply, at least, if you make Care Of happy holding her.

Flori. Old Sir, I know, She prizes not such Trifles as these are; The Gifts, she looks from me, are packt and lockt Up in my Heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my Love Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem, Hath some time lov'd. I take thy Hand, this Hand, As soft as Dove's Down, and as white as it, Or *Ethiopian's* Tooth, or the fann'd Snow That's bolted by the northern Blast twice o'er.

Polix. What follows this? How prettily the young Swain seems to wash The Hand, was fair before! I've put you out;

G

But,

But, to your Protestation : let me hear
What you profess.

Flori. Do, and be Witness to't.

Polix. And this my Neighbour too ?

Flori. And he, and more.

Than he, and Men ; the Earth, and Heav'ns, and all ;
That were I crown'd the most imperial Monarch
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest Youth
That ever made Eye swerve, had Force and Knowledge
More than was ever Man's, I would not prize them
Without her Love ; for her employ them all ;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her Service,
Or to their own Perdition.

Polix. Fairly offer'd.

Camil. This shews a sound Affection.

Shep. But, my Daughter,
Say you the like to him ?

Perd. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By th' Pattern of mine own Thoughts I cut out
The Purity of his.

Shep. Take Hands, a Bargain ;
And, Friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't :
I give my Daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion equal his.

Flori. O, that must be
I' th' Virtue of your Daughter ; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your Wonder : but come on,
Contract us 'fore these Witnesses.

Shep. Come, your Hand ;
And, Daughter, yours.

Polix. Soft, Swain, a while ; 'beseech you,
Have you a Father ?

Flori. I have, but what of him ?

Polix. Knows he of this ?

Flori. He neither does, nor shall.

Polix.

Polix. Methinks a Father
Is, at the Nuptial of his Son, a Guest
That best becomes the Table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your Father grown incapable
Of reasonable Affairs? Is he not stupid
With Age, and alt'ring Rheums? can he speak? hear;
Know Man from Man! dispute his own Estate?
Lies he not Bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flori. No, good Sir,
He has his Health, and ampler Strength, indeed,
Than most have of his Age.

Polix. By my white Beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a Wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my Son
Should chuse himself a Wife; but as good Reason,
The Father (all whose Joy is nothing else
But fair Posterity) should hold some Counsel
In such a Business.

Flori. I yield all this;
But for some other Reasons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this Business.

Polix. Let him know't.

Flori. He shall not.

Polix. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flori. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my Son, he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy Choice.

Flori. Come, come, he must not;
Mark our Contract.

Polix. Mark your Divorce, young Sir,
[Discovering himself.

Whom Son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a Scepter's Heir,
That thus affect'st a Sheep-hook! Thou old Traytor,
I'm sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but

Shorten thy Life one Week. And thou fresh Piece
Of excellent Witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal Fool thou coap'st with—

Shep. O my Heart! [made

Polix. I'll have thy Beauty scratch'd with Briars, and
More homely than thy State. For thee, fond Boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this Knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from Succession;
Not hold thee of our Blood; mark thou my Words.
Follow us to the Court. Thou Churl, for this Time,
Tho' full of our Displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead Blow of it: and you, Enchantment,
Worthy enough a Herdsman; yea him too,
That makes himself, but for our Honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural Latches to his Entrance open,
Or hoop his Body more with thy Embraces,
I will devise a Death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [Exit,

Perd. Even here undone:

I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same Sun, that shines upon his Court,
Hides not his Visage from our Cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?

[To Florizel.

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own State take care: this Dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll Queen it no inch farther,
But milk my Ewes and weep.

Flori. Thou shalt not weep.

Excellent *Perdita*, I still am thine.—

[*Exeunt Florizel and Perdita.*

Camil. The King in Rage has parted from his Son;
Whose headstrong Passion has o'ercome his Reason.
I'll follow, and assist him with my Counsel. [Exit.

Shep.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. Alas,
They have undone a Man of Fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his Grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the Bed my Father dy'd,
To lye close by his honest Bones; but now,
Some Hangman must put on my Shroud, and lay me
Where no Priest shovels in Dust. O the curs'd Wretch!
That knew this was the Prince; yet wou'd adventure
To mingle Faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this Hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[*Exit,*

End of the Third Act.



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.**Enter Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Flori. **W**HY dost thou tremble? why look thus
upon me?

My Purpose is delay'd, but nothing alter'd.
If I have lost a Kingdom, fare it well,
The Treasure of thy Love shall make amends.
For, O, to reign supremely in thy Heart,
Is greater far, than all the Joys of Empire.

Perd. How shall my Gratitude repay this Goodness?
A Maid of humble Birth, whose Innocence,
And virtuous Love, alas, is all her Portion.
And yet thus lowly plac'd, by niggard Fortune,
My fond, and daring Thoughts, ev'n while I blush,
And wonder at their Flight, aspire to thee.
But go, my Prince, go where thy Glory calls,
And leave this Cottager to pine in Absence,
And wish her Fate had made her worthy of thee.

Flori. What hast thou said? and wherefore art thou
chang'd?

Can this be Love, my *Perdita*? is this
The Voice of Nature, when consenting Hearts
Harmonious join, reciprocally kind?
O did'st thou doat like me, were all thy Powers
Like mine, absorb'd into that noble Passion,

Immortal

Immortal Love, thy Tongue cou'd ne'er have utter'd,
Nor thy Heart dictate such a cruel Sentence.!

Perd. I felt the Wound before I gave it thee;
No more my Sheep, no more the Plains delight;
No longer will the Musick of the Lark,
That wont to hail me, at my Morning-wake,
Be pleasing to me—nor the rising Sun,
When first he gilds with Light the Mountain-tops;
Nor Noon-tide Breeze in the embow'ring Shade,
Nor Evening Twilight, without thee is grateful.

Camil. (Aside) What seething Brains these headstrong
Lovers have?

I've thought how I may serve him, yet I fear
The King his Father.

Flori. Happy the Mortals of the Golden Age!
Before Ambition's arbitrary Sway
Usurp'd a Power to bind the Inclination,
Each freely chose the Partner of his Soul,
As Nature prompted, and as Love inspir'd. —
Now, dire Reverse! a cruel Father's Will
Enjoins his Son to be a Slave of State,
And languish on a Throne, most eminently wretched.—

Perd. How often have I told you, 'twou'd be thus?
How often said, my Dignity wou'd last
But till 'twere known?

Flori. It cannot fail, but by
The Violation of my Faith, and then,
Let Nature crush the Sides o' th' Earth together,
And mar the Seeds within!—Lift up thy Looks!
From my Succession wipe me, Father, I
Am Heir to my Affection.

Perd. Florizel,
Altho', to hear thy Vows, be Transport to me,
And that my list'ning Ears with Joy drink in
The Musick of thy Voice; yet my Heart trembles:
Trembles to think you sacrifice to Love
Your native Right to Empire.—Purple Greatness
Courts

Courts thy Acceptance.—To bear Rule is God-like.
 The tow'ring Falcon, with his Plumage spread,
 And soaring on the Wing, I've oft admir'd,
 And thought him worth ten thousand meaner Birds,
 That scarcely rising, hover round the Surface,
 Then sink again into their low-built Nests.

Flori. Speaks this the Cottager?—O *Perdita*,
 What means this Error of mistaking Fate?
 To place thee here!—a Sheep-hook in that Hand,
 That wou'd adorn a Scepter?—Why, good Heav'n,
 Why shou'd the innate Greatness of a Soul,
 Enshrin'd in such a Paradise of Beauty,
 Be hidden from the World?—Thou art my Queen,
 Nor shall the Iron-hand of Tyranny
 E'er tear thee from my Bosom.

Camil. Be advis'd.

Flori. I am; and by my Fancy; if my Reason
 Will thereto be obedient, I have Reason;
 If not, my Senses, better pleas'd with Madness,
 Do bid it welcome.

Camil. This is desperate, Sir.

Flori. So call it; but it does fulfil my Vow;
 I needs must think it Honesty. *Camillo*,
 Not for *Bithynia*, nor the Pomp that may
 Be thereat glean'd; for all that the Sun sees,
 The close Earth wombs, or the profound Seas hide
 In unknown Fadoms, will I break my Oath
 To this my fair Belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
 As you have ever been my Father's Friend,
 When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
 To see him any more) cast your good Counsels
 Upon his Passion; let myself and Fortune
 Tug for the Time to come. This you may know,
 And so deliver, I am gone to Sea
 With her, whom here I cannot hold on Shore;
 And, opportunely to our Need, I have
 A Vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd

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For this Design. What Course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your Knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Camil. O my Lord,
I would your Spirit were easier for Advice,
Or stronger for your Need.

Flori. Hark, *Perdita*.—

I'll hear you by and by.

[To Camil,

Camil. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for Flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my Turn;
Save him from Danger, do him Love and Honour;
Purchase the Sight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my Master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

[Aside.

Flori. Now good *Camillo*;
I am so fraught with curious Business, that
I leave out Ceremony.

Camil. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor Services, i' th' Love
That I have borne your Father?

Flori. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd; it is my Father's Musick
To speak your Deeds, not little of his Care
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Camil. Well, my Lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious Self, embrace but my Direction;
(If your more ponderous and settled Project
May suffer Alteration,) on mine Honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such Receiving
As shall become your Highness, where you may
Enjoy your Mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no Disjunction to be made, but by
(As, Heav'ns forefend!) your Ruin. Marry her,
And with my best Endeavours, in your Absence,

H

Your

Your discontented Father I'll strive to qualifie,
And bring him up to liking.

Flori. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almost a Miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than Man,
And after that trust to thee?

Camil. Have you thought on
A Place whereto you'll go?

Flori. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on Accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves the Slaves of Chance, and Flies
Of every Wind that blows.

Camil. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your Purpose,
But undergo this Flight, make for *Sicilia*;
And there present yourself, and your fair Princess
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The Partner of your Bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes opening his free Arms, and weeping
His Welcomes forth; asks thee, the Son, Forgiveness,
As 'twere i' th' Father's Person; kisses the Hands
Of your fresh Princess; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his Unkindness, and his Kindness: th' one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than Thought or Time.

Flori. Worthy *Camillo*,
What Colour for my Visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Camil. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him Comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your Father, shall deliver
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,

But

But that you have your Father's Bosom there,
And speak his very Heart.

Flori. I am bound to you :
There is some Sap in this.

Camil. A Course more promising
Than a wild Dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd Waters, undream'd Shores ; most certain
To Miseries enough : besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very Bond of Love,
Whose fresh Complexion and whose Heart together
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true :
I think Affliction may subdue the Cheek,
But not take in the Mind.

Camil. Yea, so you so ?
There shall not, fair one, at your Father's House,
These seven years, be born another such.

Flor. *Camillo*, she's as forward of her Breeding,
As she is in the Rear of our high Birth.

Camil. I cannot say 'tis Pity, for she seems
Mistress of those Perfections 'would become her,
Were she bred near a Throne.

Perd. Your Pardon, Sir ;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flori. My prettiest *Perdita* —
But, oh, the Thorns we stand upon ! *Camillo*,
Preserver of my Father, now of me ;
The Medicine of our House ! how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like *Bitbynia's* Son,
Nor shall appear in *Sicily* —

Camil. My Lord,
Fear none of this : I think, you know, my Fortunes
Do all lye there : it shall be so my Care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want ; one Word —

H 2

They talk aside.
Enter

Enter Autolicus.

Autol. Ha, ha, what a Fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn Brother, a very simple Gentleman! I have sold all my Trumpery; not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glass, Pomander, Browch, Table-book, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Glove, Shoe-tye, Bracelet, Horn-Ring to keep my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my Trinkets had been hallow'd, and brought a Benediction to the Buyer; by which means, I saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good Use, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable Man) grew so in Love with the Wenches Song, that he would not stir his Petticoes 'till he had both Tune and Words; which so drew the rest of the Herd to me, that all their other Senses stuck in Ears; you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was senseless; I would have filed Keys off, that hung in Chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's Song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this Time of Lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival Purfes: and had not the old Man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter and the King's Son, and scar'd my Choughs from the Chaff, I had not left a Purse alive in the whole Army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Camil. Nay; but my Letters by this means being there, So soon as you arrive, shall clear that Doubt.

Flori. And those that you'll procure from King

Leontes—

Camil. Shall satisfy your Father.

Perd. Happy be you!

Al! that you speak shews fair.

Camil. Who have we here?

[*Seeing Autolicus.*

We'll

We'll make an Instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Autol. If they have overheard me now: why, hanging.
[*Aside.*

Camil. How now, good Fellow,
Why shak'st thou so? fear not, Man,
Here's no Harm intended to thee.

Autol. I am a poor Fellow, Sir.

Camil. Why, be so still; here's no body will steal
that from thee; yet for the outside of thy Poverty, we
must make an Exchange; therefore discase thee instantly:
(thou must think there's Necessity in't) and change
Garments with this Gentleman: tho' the Pennyworth,
on his Side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some
boot. [Giving Money.

Autol. I am a poor Fellow, Sir; (I know ye well
enough.) [Aside.

Camil. Nay, pr'ythee dispatch: the Gentleman is
half fled already.

Autol. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the Trick
on't.) [Aside.

Flori. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Autol. Indeed, I have had Earnest, but I cannot
with Conscience take it.

Camil. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate Mistress! (let my Prophecy
Come home to ye,) you must retire yourself
Into some Covert; take your Sweet-heart's Hat,
And pluck it o'er your Brows; muffle your Face,
Dissemble you; and as you can, disliking
The Truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear Eyes over you) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Perd. I see the Play so lies,
That I must bear a Part.

Camil. No Remedy——
Have you done there?

Flori.

Flori. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Son.

Camil. Nay you shall have no Hat :
Come, Lady, come : farewell, my Friend.

Autol. Adieu, Sir.

Flori. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot ?
Pray you a Word.

Camil. What I do next, shall be to tell the King
[*Aside.*

Of this Escape, and whither they are bound :
Wherein my Hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after ; in whose Company
I shall review *Sicilia* ; for whose Sight
I have a Woman's Longing.

Flori. Fortune speed us !

Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th' Sea-side.

[*Exit Florizel with Perdita.*

Camil. The swifter Speed the better. [Exit.

Autol. I understand the Business, I hear it : to have
an open Ear, a quick Eye, and a nimble Hand, is ne-
cessary for a Cut-purse ; a good Nose is requisite also,
to smell out Work for th' other Senses. I see, this is
the Time that the unjust Man doth thrive. What an
Exchange had this been, without Boot ? what a Boot
is here, with this Exchange ? Sure, the Gods do this
Year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*.
The Prince himself is about a Piece of Iniquity ; steal-
ing away from his Father, with his Clog at his Heels.
If I thought it were not a Piece of Honesty to acquaint
the King withal, I would do't ; I hold it the more
Knavery to conceal it ; and therein am I constant to
my Profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd, with a Bundle and a Box.

*Aside, aside,—here's more Matter for a hot Brain ;
every*

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every Lane's End, every Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yields a careful Man Work.

Clown. See, see; what a Man you are now! there is no other Way, but to tell the King she's a Change-ling, and none of your Flesh and Blood.

Shep. Nay but hear me.

Clown. Nay but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your Flesh and Blood, your Flesh and Blood has not offended the King; and, so, your Blefh and Blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret Things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the Law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every Word, yea, and his Son's Pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest Man neither to his Father nor to me, to go about to make me the King's Brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, Brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your Blood had been the dearer by I know how much an Ounce.

Autol. Very wisely, Puppies! [*Aside.*]

Shep. Well, let us to the King; there is that in this Fardel will make him scratch his Beard.

Autol. I know not what Impediment this Complaint may be to the Flight of my Master. [*Aside.*]

Clown. 'Pray heartily, he be at the Palace.

Autol. Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my Pedler's Excrement. (*Aside.*) How now Rustiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Palace, an please your Worship.

Autol. Your Affairs there, what, with whom, the Condition of that Fardel, the Place of your Dwelling, your Names, your Age, of what Having, Breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown.

Clown. We are but plain Fellows, Sir.

Autol. A Lye ; you are rough and hairy ; let me have no lying ; it becomes none but Tradesmen, and they often give us Soldiers the Lye ; but we pay them for it with stamped Coin, not stabbing Steel, therefore they do give us the Lye.

Clown. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the Manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, an like you, Sir.

Autol. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. See'st thou not the Air of the Court in these Enfoldings? hath not my Gate in it the Measure of the Court? receives not thy Nose Court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy Baseness, Court-contempt? think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy Business, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier, *Cap-a-pé*, and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy Business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy Affair.

Shep. My Business, Sir, is to the King.

Autol. What Advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the Court Word for a Pheasant ; say, you have none.

Shep. None, Sir, I have no Pheasant Cock, nor Hen.

Autol. How blest'd are we, that are not simple Men ! Yet Nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomly.

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical ; a great Man, I'll warrant ; I know, by the picking one's Teeth.

Autol. The Fardel there? what's i' th' Fardel? Wherefore that Box?

Shep.

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Shep. Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Fardel and Box, which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this Hour, if I may come to th' Speech of him.

Autol. Age, thou hast lost thy Labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Autol. The King is not at the Palace; he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Melancholy and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of Things serious, thou must know, the King is full of Grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his Son that should have married a Shepherd's Daughter.

Autol. If that Shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the Curses he shall have, the Tortures he shall feel, will break the Back of Man, the Heart of Monster.

Clown. Think you so, Sir.

Autol. Not he alone shall suffer what Wit can make heavy, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the Hangman; which tho' it be great Pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into Grace! Some say, he shall be ston'd; but that Death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our Throne into a Sheep-coat! all Deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

Clown. Has the old Man e'er a Son, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Autol. He has a Son, who shall be flay'd alive; then 'nointed over with Honey, set on the Head of a Wasp's Nest, then stand till he be three Quarters and a Dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or some other hot Infusion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hottest Day Prognostication proclaims) shall he be set against a Brick-wall, the Sun looking with a Southward Eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with Flies blown to Death. But what talk we of these traitorly Rascals, whose Miseries are to be smil'd at, their Of-

fences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest Men,) what you have to the King; being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your Persons to his Presence, whisper him in your behalf, and if it be in Man, besides the King, to effect your Suits, here is a Man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great Authority; close with him, give him Gold; and tho' Authority be a stubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the Nose with Gold; shew the inside of your Purse to the outside of his Hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd, and slay'd alive—

Shep. An't please you, Sir, to undertake the Business for us, here is that Gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young Man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Autol. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, Sir?

Autol. Well, give me the Moiety. Are you a Party in this Business?

Clown. In some sort, Sir; but tho' my Case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be slay'd out of it.

Autol. Oh, that's the Case of the Shepherd's Son; hang him, he'll be made an Example.

Clown. Comfort, good Comfort; we must to the King, and shew our strange Sights; he must know, 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old Man does, when the Business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your Pawn 'till it be brought you.

Autol. I will trust you, walk before toward the Seaside, go on the Right Hand; I will but look upon the Hedge and follow you.

Clown. We are bless'd in this Man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Autol.

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Autol. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, *Fortune* would not suffer me; she drops Booties in my Mouth. I am courted now with a double Occasion: Gold, and a Means to do the Prince my Master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my Advancement? I will bring those two Moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shoar them again, and that the Complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so far officious; for I am Proof against that Title, and what Shame else belongs to't: to him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [Exit.

End of the Fourth Act.





ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene, The Court of Leontes in Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cleom. **S**IR, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A Saint-like Sorrow. No Fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More Penitence, than done Trespas. At the last,
Do as the Heavens have done, forget your Evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her Virtues, I cannot forget
My Blemishes in them, and so still think of
The Wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That Heirless it hath made my Kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that e'er Man
Bred his Hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my Lord;
If one by one you wedded all the World,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect Woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd?
Kill'd? she I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleom.

Cleom. Not at all, good Lady ;
You might have spoke a thousand Things, that would
Have done the Time more Benefit, and grac'd
Your Kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his most sovereign Name ; consider little,
What Dangers (by his Highness' fail of Issue)
May drop upon his Kingdom, and devour
Uncertain Lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former Queen ? This will.
What holier, than for Royalty's Repair,
For present Comfort, and for future Good,
To bless the Bed of Majesty again
With a sweet Fellow to't.

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone ; besides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret Purposes :
For has not the divine *Apollo* said,
Is't not the Tenour of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not have an Heir,
'Till his lost Child be found ? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human Reason,
As my *Antigonus* to break his Grave,
And come again to me ; who, on my Life,
Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your Counsel,
My Lord should to the Heavens be contrary ;
Oppose against their Wills.—Care not for Issue ;

[To the King,

The Crown will find an Heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' worthiest ; so his Successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good *Paulina*,
Who hast the Memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in Honour : O, that ever I

Had

Had squar'd me to thy Counsel ! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full Eyes,
Have taken Treasure from her Lips !

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st Truth :
No more such Wives, therefore no Wife ; one worse,
And better us'd, would make her fainted Spirit
Again possess her Corps.

Paul. Had she such Power,
She had just Cause.

Leon. She had, and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so :
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her Eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her ; then I'd shriek that even your Ears
Shou'd rift, to hear me, and the Words that follow'd
Should be, remember mine.

Leon. Stars, Stars,
And all Eyes else, dead Coals : fear thou no Wife :
I'll have no Wife, *Paulina.*

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free Leave ?

Leon. Never, *Paulina* ; so be blest'd my Spirit !

Paul. Then, good my Lords, bear witness to his Oath.

Cleom. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like *Hermione* as is her Picture,
Affront his Eyes.

Cleom. Good Madam, pray have done.

Paul. Yet, if my Lord will marry ; if you will, Sir ;
No Remedy, but you will ; give me the Office
Of chusing you a Queen ; she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first Queen's Ghost, it should take Joy,
To see her in your Arms.

Leon.

Leon. My true *Paulina*,
We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first Queen's again in Breath :
Never till then.

Enter Rogero.

Roge. One that gives out himself Prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princess (she
The fairest I have yet heheld) desires Access
To your high Presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his Father's Greatness ; his Approach,
So out of Circumstance and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By Need and Accident. What Train ?

Roge. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His Princess, say you, with him ?

Roge. Yes ; the most peerless Piece of Earth, I think,
That e'er the Sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every present Time doth boast itself,
Above a better, gone ; so must thy Grave
Give way to what's seen now.

Roge. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the Zeal
Of all Professors else, make Profelites
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How ? not Women ?

Roge. Women will love her, that she is a Woman
More Worth than any Man : Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.

Leon. Go, *Cleomines* ;
Yourself (assisted with your honour'd Friends)
Bring them to our Embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us. [*Exit Cleomines.*

Paul.

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Paul. Had our Prince
(Jewel of Children) seen this Hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a Month
Between their Births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy Speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royal Father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but Twenty-one,
Your Father's Image is so hit in you,
His very Air, that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
As your fair Princess, Goddess!—Oh! alas!
I lost a Couple, that 'twixt Heav'n and Earth
Might thus have stood begetting Wonder, as
You gracious Couple do; and then I lost
(All mine own Folly!) the Society,
Amity too of your brave Father, whom
(Tho' bearing Misery) I desire my Life
Once more to look on.

Flori. Sir, by his Command,
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all Greetings, that a King, (at Friend)
Can send his Brother; and but Infirmary,
Which waits upon worn Times, hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Ability, he had himself
The Lands and Waters 'twixt your Throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bad me say so, more than all the Scepters,
And those that bear them living.

Leon.

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Leon. Oh, my Brother!

Good Gentleman, the Wrongs I've done thee, stir
In me afresh; and these thy Offices,
So rarely kind, are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand Slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a Man, not worth her Pains; much less,
Th' Adventure of her Person? [Praises

Perd. What means my beating Heart!—'till now, no
But what came from my *Florizel* e'er charm'd me;
But here, my Soul, with fix'd Attention dwells
On every Sound he utters.— [Aside.

Leon. The bless'd Gods

Purge all Infection from our Air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, against whose Person,
So sacred as it is, I have done Sin;
For which the Heavens, taking angry Note,
Have left me Issue-less; and your Father's bless'd,
As he from Heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his Goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a Son and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly Things as you?

Enter Alcidales.

Alcid. Most noble Sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no Credit,
Were not the Proof so nigh. Please you, great Sir,
Bithynia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his Son, who has,
His Dignity and Duty both cast off,
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepherd's Daughter.

K

Leon.

Leon. Where's *Bitbynia*, speak?

Alcid. Here in your City; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My Marvel, and my Message: to your Court
Whilst he was hast'ning, in the Chase, it seems,
Of this fair Couple; meets he on the Way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Country quitted
With this young Prince.

Flori. *Camillo* has betray'd me;
Whose Honour and whose Honesty till now
Endur'd all Weathers.

Alcid. Lay't so to his Charge;
He's with the King your Father.

Leon. Who, *Camillo*?

Alcid. *Camillo*, Sir, I spake with him; who now
Has these poor Men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the Earth;
Forswear themselves, as often as they speak:
Bitbynia stops his Ears, and threaten them
With divers Deaths, in Death.

Perd. Oh, my poor Father!
The Heav'n sets Spies upon us, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.

Leon. You are marry'd?

Flori. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The Stars, I see, will kiss the Vallies first;
The Odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flori. She is,
When once she is my Wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good Father's Speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in Duty; and as sorry,

Your

• Your Choice is not so rich in Birth as Beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flori. Dear, look up ;
Though Fortune, visible an Enemy,
Should chase us, with my Father ; Power no Jot
Hath she to change our Loves. 'Beseech you, Sir,
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Than I do now ; with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate ; at your Request
My Father will grant precious things, as Trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious Mistress,
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir, my Liege,
Your Eye hath too much Youth in't ; not a Month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, she was more worth such Gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these Looks I made.—But your Petition
[To Florizel.

Is yet unanswer'd ; I will to your Father ;
Your Honour not o'erthrown by your Desires,
I'm Friend to them and you ; upon which Errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what Way I make : come, good my Lord.
[Exeunt.

S C E N E, *An Antichamber in the Court.*

Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.

Autol. Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this
Relation ?

Gent. I was by at the opening of the Fardel, heard
the old Shepherd deliver the Manner how he found it ;
whereupon, after a little Amazedness, we were all
commanded out of the Chamber : only this, me-
thought, I heard the Shepherd say, he found the Child.

Autol. I would most gladly know the Issue of it.

Gent. I make a broken Delivery of the Business; but the Changes I perceived in King *Polixenes*, and *Camillo*, were very Notes of Admiration; they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the Cases of their Eyes. There was Speech in their Dumbness, Language in their Gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a World ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable Passion of Wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest Beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the Importance were Joy or Sorrow; but in the Extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that, happily, knows more: the News?

2d Gent. Nothing but Bonfires: the Oracle is fulfill'd; the King's Daughter is found; such a deal of Wonder is broken out within this Hour, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter Rogero.

Here comes the Lord *Rogero*, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? This News, which is call'd true, is it so like an *old Tale*, that the Verity of it is in strong Suspicion; has the King found his Heir?

Roge. Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: that which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such Unity in the Proofs. The Mantle of Queen *Hermione*—her Jewel about the Neck of it—the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character,—the Majesty of the Creature, in Resemblance of the Mother,—the affection of Nobleness, which Nature shews above her breeding,—and many other Evidences, proclaim her with all Certainty

to be the King's Daughter. Did you see the Meeting of the two Kings?

2d Gent. No.

Roge. Then have you lost a Sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one Joy crown another, so and in such Manner, that it seem'd, Sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their Joy waded in Tears. There was casting up of Eyes, holding up of Hands, with Countenance of such Distraction, that they were to be known by Garment, not by Favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for Joy of his found Daughter; as if that Joy were now become a Loss, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother! then asks *Bitbynia* forgiveness; then embraces his Son-in-Law; then again worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten Conduit of many Kings Reigns. I never heard of such another Encounter, which lames Report to follow it, and undoes Description to do it.

1st Gent. What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the Child?

Roge. Like an old Tale still, which will have Matters to rehearse, tho' Credit be asleep, and not an Ear open; he was torn to Pieces with a Bear; this avouches the Shepherd's Son, who has not only his Innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a Handkerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

Autol. What became of his Bark and his Followers?

Roge. Wreckt the same Instant of their Master's Death, and in the View of the Shepherd; so that all the Instruments, which aided to expose the Child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*! She had one Eye declin'd for the Loss of her Husband, another elevated that the Oracle was full'd. She lifted the Princess from the Earth, and so
locks

locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her Heart, that she might no more be in Danger of losing.

2d Gent. The Dignity of this Act was worth the Audience of Kings and Princes; for by such was it acted.

Roge. One of the prettiest Touches of all, and that which angled for mine Eyes, was, when at the Relation of the Queen's Death, with the Manner how she came to it, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King, how Attentiveness wounded his Daughter; till, from one Sign of Dolour to another, she did with an, alas! I would fain say, bleed Tears; for, I am sure, my Heart wept Blood. Who was most Marble, there changed Colour; some swooned, all sorrowed; if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had been universal.

1st Gent. Are they returned to the Court?

Roge. No. The Princess hearing of her Mother's Statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a Piece many Years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare *Italian* Master, *Julio Romano*; who, had he himself Eternity, and could put Breath into his Work, would beguile Nature of her Custom, so perfectly he is her Ape: He so near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in Hope of Answer: thither with all Greediness of Affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2d Gent. I thought, she had some great Matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a Day, ever since the Death of *Hermione*, visited that removed House. Shall we thither, and with our Company piece the Rejoicing?

Roge. Who would be thence, that has the Benefit of Access? Every Wink of an Eye, some new Grace will be born: our Absence makes us unthrifts to our Knowledge. Let's along. *[Exeunt all but Autolycus.]*

Autol. Now, had I not the Dash of my former Life
in

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in me, would Preferment drop on my Head. I brought the old Man and his Son a-board the Prince ; told him, I heard them talk of a Fardel, and I know not what ; but he at that Time, over-fond of the Shepherd's Daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himself little better, Extremity of Weather continuing, this Mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me ; for had I been the Finder out of this Secret, it would not have relish'd among my other Discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my Will, and already appearing in the Blossoms of their Fortune.

Shep. Come, Boy, I am past more Children ; but thy Sons and Daughters will be all Gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, Sir ; you denied to fight with me this other Day, because I was no Gentleman born : see you these Cloaths ? Say, you see them not, and think me still no Gentleman born. You were best say, these Robes are not Gentlemen born. Give me the Lye ; do, and try whether I am not now a Gentleman born.

Autol. I know you are now, Sir, a Gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any Time these four Hours.

Shep. And so have I, Boy.

Clown. So you have ; but I was a Gentleman born before my Father ; for the King's Son took me by the Hand, and call'd me Brother ; and then the two Kings called my Father Brother ; and then the Prince my Brother, and the Princess my Sister, called my Father, Father, and so we wept ; and there was the first Gentleman-like Tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, Son, to shed many more.

Clown.

Clown. Ay, or else 'twere hard Luck, being in so preposterous Estate as we are.

Autol. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon all the Faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good Report to the Prince my Master?

Shep. Pr'ythee, Son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy Life?

Autol. Ay, an it like your good Worship.

Clown. Give me thy Hand; I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bithynia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.¹

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boors and Franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, Son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true Gentleman may swear it in the Behalf of his Friend: And I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy Hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall Fellow of thy Hands; and that thou will be drunk; but I'll swear it; and, I would, thou would'st be a tall Fellow of thy Hands.

Autol. I will prove so, Sir, to my Power.

Clown. Ay, by any Means prove a tall Fellow, if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our Kindred, are going to see the Queen's Picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good Masters. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O Grave and good *Paulina*, the great Comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul.

Paul. What, fovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well ; all my Services
You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your Kingdoms, my poor House to visit ;
It is a Surplus of your Grace, which never
My Life may last to answer.

Leon. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with Trouble ; but we came
To see the Statue of our Queen. Your Gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much Content,
In many Singularities ; but we saw not
That, which my Daughter came to look upon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead Likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or Hand of Man hath done ; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is ; prepare
To see the Life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still Sleep mock'd Death ; behold, and say, 'tis well !

[*Paulina draws a Curtain, and discovers Hermione
standing like a Statue.*]

I like your Silence, it the more shews off
Your Wonder ; but yet speak, first you, my Liege,
Comes it not something near ?

Leon. Her natural Posture !
Chide me, dear Stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art *Hermione* ; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender
As Infancy and Grace. Oh, thus she stood ;
Even with such Life of Majesty, warm Life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd ; does not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone than it ? Oh royal Piece !
There's Magic in thy Majesty, which has
My Evils conjur'd to remembrance, and

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From my admiring Daughter took the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And give me Leave,
And do not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her Blessing.—Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that Hand of yours to kifs.

Paul. O, Patience;
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colours
Not dry.

Perd. A Statue! Is it then in Art
To master the Affections?—to command,
And bend the Soul?—Why am I rooted here?
What mean these soft Sensations? Can my Breast,
Fill'd with the Image of my *Florizel*
Find room for more?—And yet some secret Power
Prompts me to pay both Love, and Duty here.

Paul. If I had thought the Sight of my poor Image
Would thus have wrought Amazement on your Senses,
I'd not have shewn it.

Leon. Do not draw the Curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your Fancy
May think anon, it move.

Leon. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my Lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd; and that those Veins
Did verily bear Blood?

Polix. Masterly done!
The very Life seems warm upon her Lip.

Leon. The Fixure of her Eye has Motion in't,
As we were mock'd with Art.

Paul. I'll draw the Curtain.
My Lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet *Paulina*,
Make me think so twenty Years together:

No settled Senses of the World can match
The Pleasures of that Madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you, but
I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, *Paulina.*

For this Affliction has a Taste as sweet
As any Cordial Comfort. Still methinks
There is an Air comes from her.--What fine Chizzel
Could ever yet cut Breath? Let no Man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear;
The Ruddiness upon her Lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily Painting;—shall I draw the Curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty Years.

Perd. So long could I
Stand by a Looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the Chapel, or resolve you
For more Amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the Statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the Hand; but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked Powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear: for 'tis as easie
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your Faith; then, all stand still:
And those that think it is unlawful Business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No Foot shall stir.

Paul. Music awake her; strike; [Music.]
'Tis Time, descend; be Stone no more; approach,
Strike all that look on you with Marvel. Come,

Bequeath to Death your Numbness ; for from him
Dear Life redeems you ; you perceive she stirs ;

[Hermione comes down.

Start not, her Actions shall be holy, as
You hear, my Spell is lawful ; do not shun her ;
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your Hand ;
When she was young, you woo'd her, now in Age,
Is she become the Suitor.

Leon. Oh, she's warm, [Embracing her.
If this be Magic, let it be an Art
Lawful as eating.

Polix. She embraces him.

Camil. She hangs about his Neck ;
If she pertain to Life, let her speak too.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale ; but it appears she lives,
Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your Mother's Blessing. Turn, good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.

[Presenting Perdita to Hermione.

Herm. You Gods, look down,
And from your sacred Vials pour your Graces
Upon my Daughter's Head. Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how
found

Thy Father's Court ? for thou shalt hear, that I
Knowing by *Paulina* that the Oracle
Gave hope thou was't in being, have preserv'd
My self to see the Issue.

Perd. Gracious Powers !
What means this vast Profusion, this Extreme
Of heavenly Mercy ?—

Flor. Thought is lost in Wonder !
Admiring Man may offer to the Gods

The tributary Sacrifice of Praise,
And grateful Thanks, for all their mighty Blessings,
But who presumes to scan th' impervious Ways,
By which they're wrought, proclaims aloud his Folly.

Leon. Have I been murm'ring, and with impious Rage
Curst ev'n my Being, wish'd myself extinct,
And number'd with the Dead; while Heav'n unseen,
With interposing Love, was kindly lab'ring
The full Completion of my earthly Bliss?
Pardon, *Hermione*; pardon me, Brother,
That e'er I put between your holy Looks
My ill Suspicion.

Herm. O, my dearest Lord!
This blessed Reconcilement overpays me,
For all the Agonies that rent my Heart
In the long Age of our sad Separation!—

Leon. Life of my Life! my Soul rejoices in thee,
As when in Youth, after three wasted Moons
Of cold Reluctance, with an amorous Sigh,
At last I made thee open thy white Hand,
And clepe thyself my Love.—Prince *Florizel*,
And thou my long-lost *Perdita*, join Hands.
Brother, your Aid.—(My Queen smiles her Consent)
The Benediction of th' immortal Gods,
Thus supplicated by a Pair of Kings,
Descend from Heav'n upon you.

Polix. Genial Love,
And Tendernefs without Satiety,
Wait on your mutual Vows.

Flori. My Joys exceed
All that Imagination ever painted,
Ev'n when my raptur'd Fancy highest soar'd,
And swell'd my Bosom with the glorious Hope
That this blest Hour wou'd come.—My *Perdita*,
What shall I say?—But thou who know'st my Heart,
Know'st it's Recesses are all open to thee.

Perd.

Perd. My Prince! my *Florizel*!—I own my Soul
In secret long has languish'd : Why I knew not,
Or whence the Impulse came ; but in my Cottage,
My Thoughts have hit the Palaces of Kings :
And now the golden Vision, like the Sun,
Has broke upon me, in full Streams of Glory ;
And given me to reward thy faithful Passion,
Not with a Shepherd's Daughter, but a Princess.

Floriz. Thou lovely Maid !—such is thy native Worth,
That I am richer, in possessing thee ;
Than twenty Seas, if all their Sands were Pearl.

Paul. Get ye together all, ye precious Winners ;
Let each partake of th' other's Exultation ;
Whilst I am happy in the gen'ral Joy.
No more my private Sorrows will I mourn,
Since this blest Day hath made a large Amends,
Ev'n for the Loss of my belov'd *Antigonus*.

Leon. Thy Hand, *Hermione* : thou art a Proof
That only *Innocence* can be our Guard
Against the rude Assaults, and Shocks of Fortune.
'Tis that secures us the protecting Hand
Of gracious Providence. Hence learn, ye Fair,
That *Innocence* is Heaven's peculiar Care.

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